

speed. He still clung to him, and vanished in the distance, crying out to his companion, "'Lijah !. 'Lijah !! 'Lijah !!! But in that perilous flight Elijah could afford him no assistance. He soon relinquished his grasp, and was very unceremoniously alighted. He was found by his companion uninjured.

Mr. George McMullen settled in this town in 1800, and is of Scotch descent. He is tall, bony, yet compactly built, has a Roman nose, broad capacious mouth, a dark expressive eye, which is usually restless in its socket. He is animated in conversation, commanding in his general appearance, and disdains to be outdone. He has the natural qualities for a successful hunter. He has engaged in it more or less the greater part of his life. He has not done it for the profit of it so much as because he is passionately fond of it. Though now in his seventieth year, he will travel from ten to fifteen miles a day in pursuit of a deer. He is full of animation in this his favorite sport. Said he a few days ago, after returning from a chase, "The *smell* of the woods excites me when I have my rifle in my hand. I am ready for anything." His life is full of stirring incidents. He has had many bloody battles with the ferocious animals of this county in its wild state. He will entertain you for hours in relating them with such vivacity and excitement that you will think yourself in the midst of them. A few of these must serve the present occasion. On one of his hunting excursions he was out with another hunter and two dogs. They discovered a panther, and the dogs treed

him. When they came up, he saw him with his enormous body stretched from limb to limb. His fierce eyes glared wildly down upon his foes. But our hunter with great deliberation levelled his rifle. Instantly the panther jumped upon a large hemlock limb, which being a little rotten, broke, and he fell in a place surrounded with fallen trees. Here the dogs closed in for a battle. At the first blow the panther struck one of the dogs, and tore the entire flesh from one side of his jaw, which sent him howling through the woods. The other, of "better pluck," grabbed the panther by the neck for a death-struggle. Our hunter saw his favorite dog dreadfully torn. Blood flowed from both combatants in a fearful manner. He called for his comrade's ax with which to end the fierce battle. But, alas! his companion stood with ghastly countenance, terror-stricken, and seemed not to know what he said. He, therefore, went to him, and seized his *loaded rifle*, and rushed to the scene of conflict. Watching his opportunity amid their writhing struggles, he put the muzzle of the rifle at the heart of the panther so as not to injure his dog, and thus ended the battle. After the death of the panther, so deeply and firmly were his claws imbedded in the neck of the dog, he was obliged to cut the cords of his paw to extract them.

But this is not the only conflict he has had with this kind of animal. On another occasion he was out alone in one of his favorite hunts. His attention was caught by a heavy rustling and cracking of